SUPPORT CINEMA

The Cee Ay

By the Students of Columbia Academy

GOOD LUCK, SENIORS

Volume 11 | Dubuque, Iowa, May 25, 1934 | Number 12

ENGLER AND BOLAND WIN CONTESTS

Academy Dramatic Club Presents Farce

The Columbia Academy Dramatic Club, in its presentation of John C. Brownell's farce, "The Nut Farm," on Sunday, May 13, gave splendid evidence that it is an organization capable of much more than that commonly attributed to high school students.

The indiyidual roles were remarkably well handled, with the result that the production as a whole was distinctive. Raymond Roseliep was completely amusing as Mrs. Barton, the fond mother, rather superficial in her attitude and easily moved by flattery, but especially a sincere woman. The other female impersonations, that of Herbert Boland as Helen Bent, and Edward McDermott as Agatha Sliscomb, created gratifying thorough illusions.

Paul Schuster was extremely well cast as Willie Barton, really the central character of the play, and the acting of James Engler as Robert Bent was distinguished and intelligent. Claude Norton's clever portrayal of Ezra Sliscomb, the retired Iowa farmer, greatly accentuated the comic atmosphere. Joseph Meyer was smooth and mature as Hamilton T. Holland, and Joseph Moore as the effeminate J. Clarence Biddeford was altogether entertaining. Thomas Seymour was Harold Van Horton, a typically worthless matinee idol.

The direction, under John Corpstein, was able and careful. The staging of the play, taken care of by Ben Parker and Richard Sanders, was excellent. The incidental music was played by the Columbia College and Academy Orchestra.

CINEMA PUBLICATION NEARS COMPLETION

The publication of this year's Cinema is due wholly to the untiring efforts of Father Patnode under whose able direction it has progressed and attained such a degree of excellence that it promises to eclipse any preceding publication.

The Senior Class also deserves credit for their work in securing patrons so that those in charge would not be hampered by lack of funds.

Taking of the pictures was under the direction of the Mecca Studio, and Father Striegel, Moderator of last year's Kodak Club.

In order that all this work which was done to give the students a representative year book, be not in vain, we urge all the students to subscribe. The subscription price is one dollar per copy.

Boland Awarded First In Poetry

Herbert A. Boland's poem, "Paradox" merited for him first place and the gold medal in the annual verse contest. Second place was won by a junior, Stanley Sear, whose poem was titled "A Sad, Sad Ballad." Philip Renier, a sophomore, gained third honors with "The Third Sorrowful Mystery." Poems meriting honorable mention and their authors are: "The Mediator," Jerome Ungs; "The Retreat of the Roughs," John McFarland; "The Two Mysteries," Charles Kelley; "God's Plans," Edward Knockel and "The Cathedral Bell" by George Freund.

Mr. Boland portrays for the reader the ever existng contrast between man and nature. He sees nature as ever being satisfied; man with greater gifts never, but searching for more. Mr. Sear tells us a story centering around two youths at boarding school searching for freedom. Philip Renier, in a novel manner of delivery, paints a scene of the scouring of Christ at the pillar.

Of the three men meriting the first three places, Mr. Boland has had the most experience in writing, gaining places in other literary contests of the Academy. Mr. Renier, also gained recognition in the short story contest. Although this si the first honors gained by Mr. Sear in Academic literary contests, he shows signs of possessing great talent.

Cee-Ay Staff Members Merit Quill and Scroll Honor

Six members of the Cee Ay staff for the past year have been awarded membership in the Quill and Scroll Honorary Society for High School Journalists. Those receiving this honor are Herbert Boland and Robert O'Rourke, co-editors; John McFarland, Edwin Knockel, James Moore and Paul Schuster, members of the staff. The award is based on the efficiency and service of the ones honored.

In addition to receiving the gold pin indicative of membership in the Society named, the Academy writers listed will receive individually a year's subscription to the Quill and Scroll magazine.

ELECTION OF CLASS OFFICERS FOR NEXT YEAR'S SENIOR CLASS

On the afternoon of Wednesday, May 16, the Junior Class met in the Upper Study Hall for the purpose of electing officers for next year's Senior Class. The meeting was under the direction of Father Patnode. Ballots were distributed and the results of the voting were as follows:

President..... John Kolfenbach
Vice-President Maurice Collins
Secretary..... Arthur O'Neill
Treasurer ..... William Keller, Jr.

Band Participates In Music Programs

The Columbia Academy Band participated in the annual Music Week program held in the week, May 5th-12th. The band appeared three times durig the week.

Their first appearance was on Friday night, May 10th. Dressed in their uniforms, they played "The Booster" under the direction of their student drum-major, Louis McComish. Following this march, Mr. Dovi directed the band in the playing of two selections from the Spanish Suite, one being a march and the other a waltz.

They made their second appearance on the following day, Saturday, May 11th, in the afternoon. Bands from Epworth, Waterloo, Columbia and the parochial schools in Dubuque took turns in displaying their work. The Academy band played the same march that they played the preceding evening plus the two other numbers of the Spanish Suite, the Foxtrot and the Bolero.

Their third showing was made at night when all the high school bands, plus the two from the city, Senior and Junior High, took turn in playing a few selections. The Academy band played the same selections that they played Friday night.

The program was closed with all the bands playing the three following numbers: the march "Activity"; the overture "Ambition"; and the closing number, "The Star Spangled Banner."

The band wishes to announce that their annual spring concert will be held on Sunday, May 27th, in the St. Joseph's Hall auditorium.

ACADEMY MOTHERS STAGE CARD PARTY

The Columbia Academy Mothers' Clug staged their annual card party in the college gym, last Friday, May 18, to climax their series of functions for the season. The mothers succeeded in filling almost ninety tables and sold refreshments in great quantities. The great popularity of this event is due perhaps to the fact that everyone is allowed to play games of his own choosing.

Mrs. Seymour, president of the Mothers' Club, directed the sale of tickets to which can be attributed the large number of patrons that were secured. The profits of these parties are assimilated by the special fund for the aid of indigent students.

The mothers as a group are to be congratulated for their splendid work in sponsoring activities of this type held last Friday. Through the year other similar programs were successfully held.

Engler Given Elocution Medal

The Columbia Academy annual elocutionary contest, which was presented in the college auditorium at 8:00 o'clock on the evening of Tuesday, May 22, was a climaxing proof of the representative ability of the students of Columbia Academy in the art of fine elocution.

Bert Ameche showed conclusively in his oratorical address, **The House in Order**, that world peace must be brought about not by a league of nations or international conferences, which already tried, have been found wanting, but rather by the consciousness on the part of the individual of the applied teachings of Christ.

In the humorous division, Raymond Roseliep gave **Willie, the Angelic Child**, an amusing study in child psychology and also in adult psychology, displaying a too-ardent mother and the disappointing reactions of her unsympathetic child.

The Going of the White Swan, delivered by James Engler in the dramatic section, was a beautiful and pathetic tale of the conversion of a hardened Labrador fisherman. The title is symbolic, implying the passing of a soul into eternity.

The Columbia College and Academy Orchestra under the direction of Prof. Edward Schroeder played the introductory music and also during the intermission following Mr. Engler's speech.

The New Deal and the New Man, given by Alphonse White in the oratorical division was an appropriate and very informative discussion of the complex problems confronting the Roosevelt administration.

Joseph Meyer delivered his completely entertaining parody, **The Late Lamented**, with almost flawless diction and an evidently innate sense of really good humor.

The concluding selection was Herbert Boland's **Zingarella**, in the dramatic division. In this Mr. Boland depicted with splendid feeling the varying emotions of a temperamental gypsy.

Mr. Anthony J. Rhomberg, the critic judge, awarded the grand prize to James Engler. Bert Ameche won in the oratorical division and Raymond Roseliep in the humorous.

Museum

According to a recent announcement, several of the choicest paintings from the Columbia Museum will be on display this summer at the World's Fair in Chicago. Information regarding each piece, its history and its value, has been carefully prepared and will be available to those interested. The work of preparing the pictures for shipment was greatly furthered by the generous efforts of the men on the Museum Staff under the direction of Father Kessler.

The Cee Ay

PUBLISHED BI-WEEKLY BY THE STUDENTS OF COLUMBIA ACADEMY, DUBUQUE, IOWA

EDITORS

Herbert Boland '34 — Robert O'Rourke '34

STAFF MEMBERS

Edwin Knochel '34 — John Farrell '34
John McFarland '34 — Howard Lynch '34

REPORTERS

Paul Schuster '34 — John McCollins '34 — John Coros '35
Joseph Moore '34 — Donald Wiehl '34 — Robert Deggendorf '35
Joseph Meyer '34 — James Coleman '34 — Eugene Hickey '35
Francis Schroeder '34 — Llwellyn Cox '34 — Charles DeBarr '35
Claude Norton '34 — John Kolfenbach '35 — Joseph Evans '36

Charter Member

CIRCULATION MANAGERS

Jerome Ungs '34 — Hilarius Heying '35 — Francis Donahue '35

Subscription Price: One Dollar a Year by Mail.

Spiritual Energy

With the coming of vacation, there is always the possibility of laxity on our part in regard to our spiritual duties. It may mean a vacation from school routine, but we can never take such a vacation from the active practice of our Faith. During the summer months, we are separated from the religious services at school such as Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and the Friday Chapel. We do not have the chapel just a few steps away so that we may spend a few moments with our Blessed Lord. Though we probably do not realize the fact at the present, attending these may mean the difference between losing or retaining our Faith. If we have gained such habits during the year, we should continue them throughout the summer. No event can afford us so much pleasure that it should cause us to miss some of our duties to the Church and to ourselves.

Religious practices, which Seniors have acquired during their four years within the institution under the guidance of the instructors should be of still more value. For some, it might mean the last opportunity they will have to take on the qualities of Christ which are taught in a Catholic School. Some may attain the heights of fame and regard religion as of no value. Or, they meet setbacks and give up in despair. Whatever may be their lot, they will find happiness and satisfaction if they only remain faithful to their religious duties.

A Word of Thanks

Perhaps thirty years from now will find some '34 graduate chatting with an old crony as their sons, the product of a new generation, are graduated from their old Alma Mater. Listen to some of the tales they tell and find in their chat the opinion they have of the old school. Time has erased every blight of dissatisfaction from their memories and they can recall only the best and the pleasant in their long past school days. It is the same with every other student whether of the past or the present.

Take a look if you will at the graduation sons. Everything lies before them as their respective parents look back on what is past. With thousands of other past classes they are now prepared to take their places in the world. Can they look forward to the same success that their fathers have had? But why waste time in idle questionings. There is no doubt that they have ample hope of success in a joyous future.

Of course their dads and mothers come in for a great share of the credit for their rosy outlook on life. But do not forget to mention the name of their school for a just portion in this regard. From childhood their school has ushered them and now sends them from her confines as men. Besides she has seen them grow under her care into strong spiritual specimens. She has done a great work in moulding the youth of Church and country. What more would one expect of a human institution? Where thanks is due the seniors of '34 wish to extend their gratitude.

SUNNY SKITS

Middendorf (a retired game hunter, relating one of his experiences): "And out of the under brush came an enraged tiger."

Goodman: "Weren't you frightened?"

Mitty: "I should say not. I was so cool I shivered."

Silly Girl: "The music of your orchestra just simply carries me away."

Engler: "Play it again, boy."

James McGuire: Why is a buckwheat cake like a caterpiller.

Bernard F. Ronan: Because it makes the butterfly.

Teacher: Can any of you tell me what makes the Tower of Pisa lean?

P. Eisbach: I don't know, or I would take some myself.

Nestor Goedken: What relation is a child to its own father when it is not its own father's son?

Ed. Coyle: A daughter.

Paradox

First Place

Herbert A. Boland

Summer has all her bright pennants
—her leaves;
She is content.
Autumn has glorious garlands—her
sheaves;
Her wants are spent.
Winter bright diamond slivers—her
snow;
No more she seeks.
Spring has her swift moving pageant
—her show.
No want she speaks.

Man has his brain—light;
Still more he seeks.
Man has his choice—might;
More want he speaks.
Man has his shell—clod;
But still the quest.
Man has his soul—God;
And yet no rest.

Editorial

As we are about to close the school year, we look back to our bi-weekly reading, "The Cee-Ay." This year as in other years we lose many good writers in the senior class, but as we see, some of them have received medals for their splendid work. Although we lose them we will still have our paper, with a new group of writers from the different divisions. In the junior class there are many good men from whom to pick the editors for the coming year while in the other two divisions and the division which will make its first appearance in September we hope to secure some good writers who will carry on the work which was so nobly advanced by former classes.

As we are lucky to have our school paper continued, which many other schools are unable to do, we should show more appreciation for it and for the time and labor spent in preparing it. It keeps us well in touch with the activities and affairs of the school and should be read by every student. Because the forthcoming staff is not chosen, as yet, we are unable to make you familiar with it, but we hope that many will interest themselves in the Cee-Ay during the next term, and that many will hand in a "try out" to the moderator.

Now before closing this article we must thank Father Coyne for the time he spends in reading over, typing and repairing articles as well as the time he takes to arrange them for the press. For the past two years Father Coyne has had the job as moderator and we hope that he will continue to fill this position.

ENCOURAGEMENT

Father Juergens, retreat master here during the closing days of Holy Week, in a recent letter to Father Striegel paid the Academy boys the following tribute:

"The faculty and students at Columbia impressed me more than I dare say lest you think I am exaggerating. Those Academy boys are good listeners, and I could tell from the private confabs I had with a good number of them how thoroughly sincere they were in a most manly way with all that pertained to the retreat."

He adds that the memory of the Holy Week during this Holy Year will always be a great incentive to carry on the work of the Lord.

Columbians Chat Corner

Scenes not seen but relayed to us through Francis Nennig—The "C" picnic was a water carnival—eclipsing the mere amateurs on the bounding-board, Moose Porter piled the water ten feet high in somewhat disheveled and drunken columns, as he took his spring dip — what goes down, must come up—down went Porter, up came a geyser—Tony Weldon is a cake-eater, specializing in devils-food cake, angel-food cake, and all edible cake. Gloden is no freighter or steamship, but by a long count, he stowed away seventeen bananas—he must be slipping. "Hairless' Streff preserved the few hairs left on his head by wearing a felt hat, while swimming—he would be eligible for bald-headed row if he ever washed his head. Meyer was not there, because,—well, let him tell you about the swimming expedition below Riverside.

Definition of a "Yes-Man" (from Schuster's Unassorted, Unrevised Lexicon).

"A yes-man is one who has the courage of other people's convictions."

The handball trio of Schuster, Sears and McFarland are undoubtedly the most consistent players in these parts. To date, they have not won a game and give every indication of continuing their record, splendid in its own little way.

We nominate for School Squirrel—Bob Matthews, because he comes of athletic lineage and won't tell it to anybody (that's how we found out), because he is the freshest of the now aging Freshman, because, next to climbing telephone poles and heaving boulders, he loves to climb nut trees and sling pebbles, because he chooses his opponents, in his daily encounters, from the upperclass men, and lastly because he is a squirrel.

Red Bradley and Bud Hughes patronize the aristocratic dime-dances on 11th street, where they steer the women through the mob, like a ship through the fog. Where do they get all the money to take in such expensive shin-digs?

HORSESHOE

The singles tournament is over, and the champion is proclaimed. John McCollins of Dubuque defeated James Fitzgerald of Cuba City, the boarders' pride and joy, two out of three games. It was a very hard job for McCollins, but he finally triumphed. This tournament brought to light many stars in this field, such as Bob Wildon, White, Baxter, McMann and Moran, who will have another chance in the coming Doubles Tournament, or rather, the present one, which started Monday. Watch the bulletin board for results of this tournament.

The rest of the courts have been fixed up and now one sees an enormous amount of persons around the courts at noon, scoring up.

MONOGRAM CLUB ENJOY PICNIC

Gala Day Spent At Annual Outing

The annual Monogram Club picnic was held last Sunday at Kress' Farm with about twenty letter winners present, and some of the faculty. To say the least it was a gala day for all concerned and everyone came home very red, not from embarrassment but from good Old Sol, with cut feet and above all, full stomachs.

The feast laid before the picnickers would make any king jealous. The two cooks, Mrs. Cretzmeyer and Mrs. Voelker ably aided by Mr. Cretzmeyer, proved that their culinary art is in no measure lost when they take to the woods. Everyone was hugely satisfied with every phase of the outing.

Father Coyne and Father Loosbrock took Father Peters and his boys in a fast, snappy ball game 11 to 8 even though they did have to deprive the cows of pasture to do so. One of the features of the afternoon was "Moose" Porter's and Al Reno's exhibition on how to dive to keep from getting old at the famous Kress swimming hole. These gentlemen were sideshows in themselves without mentioning the antics of Weldon and the rest of the diving crew.

The picnickers this year were treated to a new scene, the tables used in previous years were put into discard in favor of the new layout built by Father Patnode and his able helpers. The tables are of much more rigid and durable structure and are located more conveniently besides being more picturesque. Everyone agrees that the day was most enjoyable and extend their thanks to Father Patnode, Mr. Cretzmeyer and to Mr. Giese through whose efforts this day was made possible.

REPORTER REVIEWS FOOTBALL PROSPECTS

Spring football has ended, to be taken up again in the fall. The question, now arising, is: "What are the prospects for the coming season?" Graduation beckons to six of the regulars, five linemen and Bill Streff, fullback. The chief problem set before Coach Cretzmeyer is to fill the vacancies. There are few veterans left but a squad of fifty-five men reported for the start of spring training. During this time the squad dwindled to twenty-five but a good backfield composed of Capt. Weldon, Voelker, Geisler and Gloden was formed. In the line Capt. Keller and Hilarius Heying were the only seasoned players but a group of likely material, notably Kolfenbach, Fitzgerald, Setter and Pfohl, may be rounded out into a formidable front wall before the season opens.

Football Schedule—1934

Sept.	22—Galena	There
Sept.	29—Oelwein	Here
Oct.	6—Wayland	There
Oct.	13—Rockford (tentative)	Here
Oct.	20—Ambrose	Here
Nov.	3—La Crosse	There
Nov.	17—Aquin — (Homecoming — Dad's Day)	Here

DRESS PARADE

Frederick (Rabbit) Spahn. The Economics expert from the North End. Is also consulted whenever a good reader is needed in English. The rosy hue of his cheeks is most attractive to say the least. He is reported to have been at school twice in a row this year (you can believe it, I don't). Evidently likes the nickname as he manages to earn it quite readily. Mechanical Drawing is among his accomplishmnets.

Edward (Night School) Goodman. Edward (the poor boy) is always in trouble. After joining forces with the museum staff, he promptly became "enmeshed in social obligations" (of course, no connection.) Then, to top it all, he enrolled as a student at Night School. (Spanish, mind you, no less). At the feed he was seen with—well I wonder where the groceries were bought.

Bernard (Wowser) Ronan has become an honorary member of the "English Intelligentia Society," due to the magnanimity of his vocabulary or at least for reference work in the dictionary. Has been aptly sub-sub-titled "The Lexicon of IV B." Is personally acquainted with the entire staff at Diamond's Grill. Is sometimes seen without James McGuigan.

Donald (Intellectualism) Weihl. The little boy from yonder hill. His great desire is to follow in the foot steps of Fr. F. J. Kaufmann. Delights in verbally subduing an opponent, using the Library typewriter and tending to the inside of the "Cage." McCollins and the "party of the first part" are seldom separated (it's the poignant poisonality!)

George (Black Bat) Bierie. The Adonis of the Wavy Black Hair. Hails from Fifth street in the vicinity of Locust.

Robert (Tuda) O'Rourke. Proud chauffeur of a B.N. (brand new) Ford V-8. Is acquainted with the principal of the school and takes Latin. Is a credit to Rhomberg avenue, but little is heard of his conquests with the opposite side of the fence. Studies hard and takes care of "Gubs" scrupulously, but in many respects is likeable.

Clande (Gus) Norton. The problem of the Academy. Has been solved dozens of times and the right solution may be found yet. Delights in careful driving of a certain Commercial vehicle. Attained 90 in Physics twice and makes an excellent farmer (on the stage). Visits Academy Library daily, but cautiously. Knows four words out of the monosyllabic category, and is liable to use one or all at any time. Sometimes impenetrable and mysterious. Has been told he has likeable qualities, but — —

Bernard (Bernie) Finn. This sagracious personage is liked by everyone, despite his apparent reticence. Also an Economics Shark, who is prone to argumentation, regardless of incentive or object. Evidently enjoys Fr. Duggan's hospitality. Seemingly excels in studies, but inexplicably is continuously off the honor roll. Must stay home at night as he is rarely seen on the streets (maybe its me). Sometimes finds solace in "Little Jack" Gottschall.

Edward (Bobby Jones) Coyle. A product of Madison and evidently proud of it. Is reputed to receive a large quantity of fan-mail from the home-town. Although he is sleeping quite a lot, he still finds time to hit golf balls with our illustrious Dean of Men. He has one fault and that is that he hangs around Lynch and Coleman.

POETRY

A Sad, Sad Ballad

Second Prize

There were two lonesome boys at school,
As lonesome as could be;
Who wished to go out in the world
And see what they could see.

They planned for days how they would go
When given half a chance,
They'd buy some food and see a show
And then take in a dance.

They waited long and patiently
Until at last it came.
The prefects went to vote one day
And left an open lane.

The boys hit town in their best stride.
And sang a jolly tune;
The food was good and freedom great,
The boys were there till noon.

Then out they walked and crossed the street,
Their stride was bold and sure;
They made the rounds and saw the town,
It was a happy tour.

The prefects then came in from town,
Their votes were now all cast;
They saw the boys—voted again—
The boys were free at last.

Stanley Sears

The Third Sorrowful Mystery

Third Place

Ah! woeful was that night of pain and sin!
The King of universal majesty
In durance vile! Without—the mob. Within—
A puppet's guard; the brutal soldiery.
In blasphemous disdain they smite His face,
And bend the knee in bitter, ribald jest.
No deed too cowardly, no act too base,
To carry out the howling mob's behest:
"Let Him be crucified!" Oh, mockery!
A rag—His robe! A reed—His sceptre! Now,
Climactic insult! vilest contumely!
They press a crown of thorns upon His brow!
Ah, Lord! the crown which Thou didst wear of old,
The alchemy of love hath turned to gold!

Philip Renier

Artists Must Live

First Prize
Short Story Contest

Philip Renier

Reginald Smythe, (baptized John Aloysius Clancy) sat in his room in Mrs. Murphy's Theatrical Rooming House and smiled. This was strange, for the face of Reginald was not one given very much to smiling, and the atmosphere of the room forbade it. The room might have done very well for an undertaker's antechamber, (there was a certain funeral aspect about it) but it certainly was not one for smiling. And thereby hangs my story, for much of the smile which adorned Reginald's face was aroused by the thought that tomorrow he and this room would part forever.

The smile was well worth chronicling, for it had been fifteen years in getting there. Fifteen long, hard, cheerless years, during which the sun shone, and the birds sang, as far as Reginald was concerned, in vain. Now, as the smile flitted over his face, the years seemed not nearly so long and far less gloomy, for he was traveling down memory lane, and even hard times do not look hard in restrospect. There was another reason for the smile, a wonderful secret reason, hid deeply in the recesses of Riginald's mind. He stood on the bring of success!

He had been a long time getting there, but now that fame was imminent, it seemed so very worth while! And so his mind crept from thought to thought in memory, and what memories! Reginald had always wanted to be an actor. At first it had not seemed to make much difference what sort of an actor, just so he trod the boards. That was when he was five and had spoken, in stiffly starched and immaculate linen, "Tom Brown and the Snowman," at a Washington's Birthday program for his school. It made harldy any more difference years later, when, as "Peter Pan," he had evoked the praise of all his elders, and more particularly, of all his relatives. "Tom Sawyer" at thirteen, and what a part! Of course, he had made the role what it was, didn't his mother say so?

High School! Those classic halls! It was not strange that Reginald's memory should recall his high school days in terms of the dramatic club's appearances, for more than ever in high school, the scent of greasepaint was perfume in his nostrils, the footlight's glare was as the sun's brilliance in his eyes. They had been small parts at first. The director had been obvious to his talents at the start. The minister in "Stop Thief!" the butler in "Peg O' My Heart," and the hermit in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Then had come graduation, and the class play. What play! What a Shylock! It had been a revelation! An angel from Heaven could have made it no clearer! Tragedy was Reginald's field! There had never been a more tragic figure on the academy stage than Reginald's abused, tortured Jew, didn't the school payer, say so?

Yes, thought Reginald, it was then that the die was cast. And now, as he sat in Mrs. Murphy's room and pondered on the success which

(Continued on page four)

Don't fret men, in 12 more days, 288 more hours, 17,280 minutes and etc. we will be able to say "School's out."

Three cheers for Father Stemm and the dramatic club for the production of "The Nut Farm" (taken directly from Columbia). The faculty and student body agreed that it was a knock-out.

Before it slips my mind — Heying asked me to put an ad in this issue, and since all puns are placed in this column; so also is this likewise placed:—All those who want to buy books for next year see Mr. Heying, room No. 327, at the end of this year. Cheap, I mean the price.

Well it wasn't an Irishman's cow that set Chicago on fire this time. It I'm not mistaken, I think that it was a bull.

Can you conceive in your large mass of nerve tissue inclosed in the skull or cranium, regarded as the seat of consciousness:—

Parker promoting the idea of doing away with the annual "C" Dance.

Coleman introducing the idea of having a double period in Physics daily.

Kaiser missing a C. Y. O. dance.

V. Murphy taking a month off to wash his neck.

O'Leary refusing to fight.

J. Murphy not arguing with DeBarr or Coyle at one meal.

Me staying up all night thinking up puns for this column.

E. Goodman was very much interested in a certain party at Lancaster a few weeks ago. I think she lives in Fennimore.

Also, Ganzer was trying to get a ride to Waterloo last Saturday in order to fulfill an engagement.

It is rumored that Alphonse White is running for United States Senate. He says that F. D., H. Long, Farley, and the rest of the boys need a little extra help on the farm problem.

Noonan's great grand-mother is at the door of death but the doctors think that they still have a chance to pull her through.

Third Ac.'—"Doctor can you possibly help me. I am a junior and—"

Doctor:—"Sorry, my boy, I extend my greatest sympathy towards you but I'm afraid that I can do nothing for you."

Well here comes the Dean, so I will call it a column and slip quietly into the out-stretched arm of Morpheus.

Pleasant night-mares.

ACADEMY GLEE CLUB SCORE SINGING HITS

Again this year, as in former years, the Academy Glee Club proved one of the bright lights of the Catholic High School program, held during Music Week. The selections this year were of a religious nature. The first one offered was the Sanctus and Benedictus. Following this was the beautiful Concordi Laetitia, a very melodius composition in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Adding a little variety to the program, Father Kelly first introduced Jim Engler, who gave a wonderful interpretation of the popular "That Wonderful Mother of Mine." This was so well applauded that an encore was necessary to quiet the crowd of music lovers. After the encore, the next singer to be introduced was Joe Meyer, who sang the traditional "Climb Up, Chillum, Climb."

On the 16th of May the Academy Chorus visited the Mount St. Rose Academy and with the Band furnished a delightful program for the students. The numbers sung were, "Our Boys Will Shine Tonight," "Sanctus and Benedictus." Following this Jim Engler sang a solo for Mother Sacred Heart, who was leaving the institution. This brought tears to the eyes of many of the girls to whom the Mother was dear. In striking contrast, Joe Meyer sang that well known negro spiritual. As a fitting close to the program, the Gubs song was sung and not to be outdone, the girls sang their school song.

Artists Must Live

(Continued from page three)

would be his, he felt that it had been a correct decision. True, it had not seemed so, not so long ago. There had been times, in his dreary round from manager to manager, when he had been sorely tempted to give it all up and go back to his job in the bank. But the spirit had triumphed! The flesh had taken a back seat!

It is always darkest just before dawn, and just when things looked gloomiest, from somewhere, there had come one of those strange, helpful people, whom the theatrical world calls 'angels.' Yes, he had the money for a production, and yes, he was quite willing to invest it in Reginald's play. He had done so, and, thought Reginald, as he smiled his quiet, contented smile, he would never have cause to regret it. Tomorrow would see him the backer of America's leading tragedian. Well, might as well stroll around to the theatre, and, well, just stroll around!

Reginald Smythe in Hamlet! Thousands of mazdas, already lighted, spelled out the glad tidings! A smiling cashier informed him that the house was nearly sold out! Yes, said the house manager, the ushers had all been drilled, and, yes, they looked splendid in the new uniforms!

Yes, said the publicity man, the papers had all got their advance notices. Of course they had printed them, almost word for word. The critics had all received their complimentary tickets, why, some of them had even called in to say so!

Well, he might as well go and dine. Better have an early dinner and a light one. The voice was a delicate instrument, and tonight, of all nights, he must take no chances. The thought of what a too full meal might do to his voice almost erased the smile for a moment! But only for a moment! Truly, God was in His Heaven, and all was right with the world!

The dawdling hands of the clock dragged their weary way around to eight twenty nine. At that moment Reginald was peeking through a hole in the asbestos curtain, to gaze upon a well filled, almost crowded, house. His weeks of literary endeavor had not been in vain! The critics! Yes there was Cummings of the World, Evans of the Tribune was just coming down the aisle, and Burns of the Sun and Norstrom of the Telegram were chatting amiably in their seats.

The play was not even well started when Reginald sensed that something was wrong. He wondered vaguely why those small islands were beginning to appear in that human sea. They had grown larger at the end of the second act, their proportions had swelled by the end of Act Three, and the last curtain fell upon but a sparsely filled house.

The bitter truth flashed upon Reginald in his dressing room, and strong man that he was, he cried. Little, helpless, saline tears at first, but growing in size as the moments fled on. Small sounds escaped him also, yes, the great tragedian was quite childishly and quite uncontrollably crying.

A knock sounded on the panel of the door. He made no response. The knocker, taking silence for consent, entered. He was small and red faced. His hair was bushy and red. He was not pretty to look upon, and Reginald, who would have resented the entrance of an angel from Heaven at that moment greeted him coldly.

What do you want?, he inquired of his unwelcome visitor.

"I saw your play," came the answer, "you're a bust!"

Reginald sobbed afresh.

"I didn't come here to criticize you," said the intruder, "I've got a propostion for you."

A tear glistered on the tip of Reginald's classic nose and splashed unheeded on the make-up shelf.

"Well?" he queried tremulously.

"I'm an agent from Bernstein, Blumenthal and McCormick, Advertising. Here's my card. That'll show you I'm all right."

There were no tears now. Reginald was frankly puzzled.

"We've got a contract for seventy two weeks N. B. C. time. Fifteen minutes a day, no Sundays. Going to do "Nanook of the North" in sketches. We need some local color. That sigh of yours in the soliloquy is as good a wolf howl as we can get. Fifty bucks a week. There's no contract. Take it or leave it. I'll get your answer in the morning.

Reginald stared.

"For that baby cry you were doing when I came in twenty five additional.

That's real money."

He paused on the threshold.

"Funny we can't get a mechanical baby cry, ain't it? But it can't be done! Well, g'night!"

Reginald did not answer. . . . he reached for a fountain pen . . . . well, an artist must live . . . . seventy two weeks . . . . why, it's a career!

BAND ATTENDS BADGER MUSIC FESTIVAL

The Columbia Academy Band was invited by the Lancaster High School to participate in the annual Southwestern Wisconsin Musical Festival which was held Saturday, May 5th, at Lancaster. This is the second consecutive year that the band has been invited to partake in these ceremonies.

This year there were two things added to the program of last year. One was that there was a guest director present and the second was that there was a chorus in the program. They represented the same schools that the bands did.

Professor Gordon was the guest director. He is the head of the school of music at the University of Wisconsin. He directed the combined bands in the playing of several numbers as he did also the chorus. He also gave a few words of advice to the members on the necessity and value of music in one's later life.

Dinner was served in the gym of the Lancaster High School. The Academy members ate supper at a local restaurant.

The band members are very grateful toward Father Patnode, S. Dovi, and the Interstate Bus Co. who made this trip possible.

The band has also made its annual showing at the Home of the Good Shepherd, May 16th. They played the entire Spanish Suite plus several marches. The choir, who also went on the trip, sang a few songs. Joseph Meyer and James Engler sang a solo apiece. The orchestra of the Good Shepherd Home played an overture and a march to add their part to the program.

After the concert was finished the members of both the band and the choir were served to a delightful supper prepared by the sisters of the institution. Mr. Dovi and the band wish to thank Frank Pusateri who loaned his truck in the transportation of the members on the trip.

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